

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., DECEMBER, 1, 1927.

News of the Mill Villages

LAGRANGE, GA.

Four Answer Last Call. A Quiet Thanksgiving.

W. V. Monroe, age 63, was laid to rest in Hillview Annex, November 18, 1927. He died at his home on Addie St., after a protracted illness. The funeral was in Hunter and Owen funeral parlors. Rev. G. W. Pore, an old friend, officiating.

Those acting as pallbearers were: Ed. and V. L. Monroe, T. J. Bassett, Jesse Evans, J. P. Bennett, and M. M. Dickinson of the Graphic Publishing Co., for whom Mr. Monroe had worked many years, as printer. He leaves a wife, two daughters and four sons.

Mrs. G. W. Sides, age 61, of Dixie Mill village, died Nov., 20, after an illness of two weeks. She was a Christian woman, a faithful wife and mother, friend and neighbor. She leaves a husband and several children and grandchildren.

Mrs. Bettie Norris, about 50 years old, died at Dunson hospital, Nov., 17. She lived on Hillside Mill village, and was loved by all who knew her. Rev. C. W. Hanson had charge of funeral services, which were held in the deceased woman's home, 941 Houston St. A husband, one son and two daughters survive her.

The death of Mrs. G. H. Lancaster occurred Thursday morning, Nov. 24, at 12:25 a. m., at her home on Harwell avenue. Mrs. Lancaster had been in very poor health for the past four months and the end came not unexpectedly. She was 80 years old.

Five daughters, two sons, twenty-four grand-children and a host of friends are left to mourn the death of this grand, good woman.

LaGrange celebrated Thanksgiving in a very quiet manner. The stores closed and mills suspended operations for the day. Many people attended the football games in Atlanta and Birmingham.

Morning Services.

The churches of the downtown section of the city held a union service at the First Presbyterian church and those of Southwest LaGrange united in worship at the Southwest LaGrange Baptist.

ALBANY, GA.

Flint River Cotton Mills Build Fine Bath House.

Dear Aunt "Becky Ann:"

One of the cleanest and best running mills in Southwest Georgia, is located in Albany, the world's pecan center, and is under the able management of F. F. Putney the president; E. E. Witherbee, general manager, and W. H. McDaniel, superintendent.

They have provided us with a good mill to work in and one of the best and most modern villages in the South; have just completed a \$3,500 bath house for the employees. Many other improvements are well under way.

The Missionary Society sponsored an oyster supper at our community house on Saturday night for the benefit of the Grace Methodist church, which was a great success; our music was furnished by the Dunson Mill band of LaGrange, Ga., and was a great help in making our supper a success.

This band is one of the best in the South and is under the direction of Mr. Virgil McKay, each member is competent in his part and is of fine character. LaGrange should be proud of this band. We hope to have them with us again in the near future.

A Reader.

ELBERTON, GA.

Elberton Cotton Mills.

Our mill is running day and night with plenty of well contented help.

Our Methodist preachers are off at annual conference in Atlanta, this week.

Our mill shut down Thanksgiving day; we all had a good time; some went visiting, some went hunting and some stayed at home.

We expect to be well represented at the Elbert Singing division, next Sunday, at Dewey Rose.

Mrs. Bertha Fagans is visiting her mother this week at Calhoun Falls, S. C.

Miss Garland Minish has bought a new piano and she plays well.

A good many from here attended the singing at Bowman, Ga., last Sunday, and report some fine singing.

Mrs. Lillie Mae Tucker is very busy practicing the children for the Christmas program.

Aunt Becky we like to read the Home Section and the Southern Textile Bulletin, but the Home Section comes first.

B. W. J.

WAXHAW, N. C.

Rodman-Heath Cotton Mills.

Thanksgiving Day was a holiday here; the mill stopped in honor of the occasion and there was not a thing unpleasant to mar the happiness of anyone, so far as we know. Miss Pearl Rodman conducted Thanksgiving services at the chapel and is planning for a Christmas tree. Oh, she is one grand, good woman. She has also organized a Sewing Club, the first meeting to be held in the home of Mrs. C. M. Stewart, Friday night.

Mr. Theodore Mullis visited in Harden last Sunday.

Mr. Josh Brown and Mrs. Gill Snead were on the sick list last week, but have sufficiently recovered to be back on duty.

The general health of our village is very good.

Let's have more news from New Brookland and Bath, S. C. The writer has lots of friends at both places.

Mrs. C. M. Stewart.

Becky Ann's Own Page

HOW TO MAKE HOME BREW

Chase bull frogs three miles and then gather up the hops.

Add ten gallons of tan bark; one-half pint of bunk paint and bar of G. I. soap.

Boil six hours and strain through an I. W. W. sock (to keep it from working.)

Add one grass hopper to each pint to give it a kick.

Pour a little in the sink. If it eats the enamel off, it is ready to bottle; then after drinking, imagine that in three days you will be riding amid heavily scented flowers in a hearse.—MR. JIMMIE TRIGGER in Textile Tribune.

GOOD NEWS FOR EMPLOYEES OF CHADWICK-HOSKINS CO. AND FOR ALL CHARLOTTE

Mr. B. B. Gossett, president and treasurer of Chadwick-Hoskins Company's fine mills, says that he and the general superintendent, Mr. W. E. Tattersall, will gladly stand back of their employees in the reorganization of the Fall Flower Fairs for which these mill communities were justly famous a few years ago.

Mr. Gossett told us his own self that he wants a revival of those flower and yard contests, and in the proper time he will tell us more about his part in the program. Everybody can begin now to make their plans for a fair next Fall.

Chrysanthemums have in the past reigned supreme in these fairs and many of the employees still grow them for pleasure and profit. But there will be an added zest in flower growing next season, for the Flower Fair will be the grand climax.

We want to suggest that roses and dahlias, as well as chrysanthemums, be grown. We have a friend who always wins prizes for her dahlias, and we'll ask her to give us information on how to grow large and gorgeous flowers.

A half dozen two year-old rose bushes set now, will give abundance and variety of bloom next year. Get ready to win a prize on roses.

Mr. David Clark, editor of the Bulletin says we will do all in our power to push this good work. The Home Section expects to keep close watch and report the progress made by the different mill communities.

This is all we can tell you right now till we have a talk with Mr. Tattersall. But we do know that if the people want a flower show next Fall they can have it,—with strong backing, and we are looking forward to another Fall Flower Fair with keen interest.

Traveling on High.

A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word "furlough."

Jack held up his hand and said: "It means mule; it says so in the book."

The teacher asked for the book and Jack found for her the picture of a soldier sitting on a mule.

Below the picture was written: "Going home on his furlough."

GASTONIA, N. C.

Chimes Presented to Church by Ladies Aid Society.

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Baptist church, at Gastonia, has presented their church with \$10,000 chimes, which are now being installed and will be dedicated within the next two weeks. The church, —a new one,—is to be dedicated December 18th.

The 16 tubular chimes and accompanying machinery necessary for operating, weigh 10,000 pounds. The chimes will occupy the top of the tall tower, and will be used for calling the church together for regular worship.

The entire city will benefit by the exquisite musical chimes, for they can be heard all over Gastonia. The "Ladies' Aid" has worked hard to make this donation to the church, and deserve unstinted praise for such an accomplishment.

WEST GASTONIA, N. C.

A Delightful Surprise Birthday Dinner.

Mrs. Peeler of West Franklin Ave., was given a surprise birthday dinner, Sunday, November 20th, by her children and grandchildren, and a number of friends. Mrs. Peeler was 57.

The party was carefully planned and the plans as carefully kept secret, and the surprise was as complete as could be wished. Those who came brought well-filled baskets, and the day was one of unalloyed happiness for all.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Peeler and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bolch and family; Mr. Harrelson, of Shelby; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Peeler and children, of Cramerton; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Barrett and children, of Bessemer City; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Anderson and children, of South Gastonia; Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Peeler and children, Mr. M. A. Peeler, Mr. Charlie Peeler, Mr. Lee Peeler, of Gastonia; Mr. A. C. Peeler, of Lancaster, S. C.; Mrs. N. A. McCarver and son, Jimmy.

SPENCER MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Rev. D. E. Vipperman, spent Thanksgiving Day in our village, took dinner with superintendent and Mrs. J. A. Graham, after conducting services in the mill, Thursday morning.

Virginia, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Flowers, had a narrow escape from injury when knocked down by an automobile, Sunday. She was much frightened, (so were her people) but was not much hurt.

Mr. Bryson Flowers is quite ill. Among those visiting him Sunday, were Mrs. Garner and Mr. and Mrs. Garland Flowers, of Belmont.

Mr. J. E. Payseur and family have left us, to accept positions in Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Armstrong, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roy Watts and children, of Charlotte, Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Helen Lewis went to Belmont, and Miss Dorothy Broughton went to Greensboro to spend Thanksgiving holidays with relatives.

Among the Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. R. C. Surber, were Rev. Marshall Rhyne, of Dallas, and Mrs. Early Simmons. S. M.

ROANOKE, ALA.

Plant of the Valley Mills, of LaGrange, Ga., Have Thanksgiving Banquet.

The Valley Mills plant here, famous for its Truline trousers, had their first get-together meeting and banquet, last Friday. Tables loaded with good things were arranged on first floor of the plant, which was appropriately decorated with harvest crops and fruits and Fall flowers.

There were more than 200 guests, among whom were the following, from LaGrange, Ga.:

Cason J. Callaway, Ely R. Callaway, J. A. Perry, J. R. Finn, C. W. Coleman, Sam D. McDaniel, Cyrus Shearer, George Jones, I. B. Grimes, Mrs. Robert Morgan, Miss Mozell Eichelberger, Miss Essie Mai Brown and Miss Eleanor Orr.

A delicious turkey dinner was served under the direction of Mrs. H. T. Quillian, Miss Sarah Herring and Mrs. J. L. Williams, of LaGrange. Assisting in serving were Miss Sara Bishop, Miss Miriam McCommons, Miss Sue Middlebrooks, Miss Mamie Lashley and Miss Berta Lashley, also of LaGrange.

There was a fine program delightfully rendered by the people of

Roanoke, Ala., and LaGrange, Ga.

The addresses of the evening were made by Cason J. Callaway, president and treasurer of the Callaway Mills, which include Truline, Inc., of Roanoke, Ala.; Prof. G. W. Coleman of LaGrange and George M. Forrester, production manager of the Roanoke (Ala.) plant.

H. T. Quillian secretary of LaGrange Y. M. C. A., presided, and his wit and good humor, as highly contagious as ever, was largely responsible for a successful evening.

MACON, GA.

New Superintendent Welcomed to Bibb No. 1.

Tuesday evening, at Number One auditorium, was community night for Number One people, for the purpose of greeting the new superintendent of Number One mill, M. R. Gardner.

At this meeting the Girl Reserves put on their recognition service, one of the most impressive services of their organization. There were yells and songs by the Reserves and Wolf Cubs.

Upon the conclusion of the meeting light refreshments were served.

LAUREL HILL, N. C.

Morgan Mills (Springfield Plant).

We girls are happy this week; we won the Sunday school contest, and the boys gave us a barbecue last Saturday night which cost them around \$55.00. The tables were so prettily decorated with chrysanthemums that it looked like a wedding feast. There were about one hundred of our village people present and other guests were Rev. McElway, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Laurel Hill, Mr. Calhoun, Miss Janie Gibson and Miss Pearl Hogan, of Laurel Hill, and Dr. Livingston, of Gibson.

Mr. McElway directed our games, which were enjoyed by all.

Our section hand in spinning, at night, Mr. Leonard Shankle, and Miss Cleo Johnson, went out for a ride last Saturday afternoon and came back married. Mr. and Mrs. Shankle will stay on in Springfield.

Mr. Clea Ammons and family moved from here last week to Millen, Ga., where he and his son will accept positions as mechanics in one of Morgan's Mills.

Mr. Barney Norris, of McCall, S. C., has accepted Mr. Ammons' position as mechanic in Springfield.

The girls will miss Miss Annie Mae and Lillie Ammons from the Sewing Club.

Our Sewing Club met last Monday night at the home of Miss Doris Powell, where we planned for Christmas. Names were drawn and

presents are being started for each member.

Mr. L. L. Calcutt and family received news Friday that a cousin had died, and left immediately for Lumber Bridge, N. C., to attend the funeral.

Mr. Bill Futch left for Fayetteville Thursday to visit his children.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hardwick are spending a few days with the former's father in Horry county.

Mrs. J. F. Felton is recovering from a recent illness.

Mrs. Salmon entertained her brother, Mr. Starling, and family, of Fayetteville, last week-end.

Mr. R. W. Cook and family visited his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Longley, near Hamlet, last Sunday.

The Laurel Hill school rendered an interesting and enjoyable Thanksgiving program.

The pastor of St. John's church, near Gibson, gave the Springfield choir a special invitation to go to their church next Sunday to sing two special songs.

We have choir practice here each Wednesday night and we are sure we have as fine singing as can be heard, especially alto and tenors.

The young men of our community have gone in for boxing; we are going to have a real knock out Saturday night.

Our superintendent, Mr. Will Dampier, is riding around in a brand new Chrysler and he paid cash for it. I know it rides better than if he were paying for it on the installment plan.

Mr. and Mrs. Dampier sure make the girls feel welcome when they go up to hear the radio.

Miss Esther Dorn, of Edgefield, S. C., has spent the past two weeks with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. McCollum.

Louise Helms.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

There was a union Thanksgiving service held at the First Baptist Church Thursday at ten a. m. Rev. O. P. Ader, pastor of the Methodist church, preached the sermon to a packed house. Most of the mills stopped for Thanksgiving, and all stores and business houses and schools were closed. At 7:30 Rev. C. J. Black preached a Thanksgiving sermon to a full house again, making a strong appeal for the orphanage. A special offering was taken for the support of the orphanage and nearly \$250.00 was given. It is expected that there will be \$300.00 when all have contributed, as there was a number away visiting, who will make their offering later.

Most of the boys and girls who are away in school were home for Thanksgiving.

Dilling Mill.

The weaving department closed down Wednesday night until Mon-

day, giving the help a Thanksgiving vacation.

There is a lot of chickenpox among the school children, especially the first grades, but it is not hurting the children very much.

Misses Helen Meachem and Mozelle Navy and Mr. Marvin Queen were shopping in Gastonia Saturday.

Mrs. Julia Denton, of Marion, N. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sarah Navy.

Mrs. B. P. Odom has been right sick for several days, but is able to be up again.

Mr. R. L. Sisk of Shelby, visited his brother in the hospital at Gastonia, Tuesday evening, came back to Kings Mountain and spent the night with his friend, Mr. M. L. Conner.

Mr. Z. F. Cranford visited in Albemarle Saturday night.

Phenix Mill.

Mrs. Leslie Cobb and little son, Jimmy are spending some time with Mr. Cobb, in Baltimore.

Mr. Robert Fletcher has been real sick but is improving now, we are glad to say.

Rev. A. B. Dennis visited at the home of Rev. W. H. Pless, Friday afternoon.

Mr. Jake Harmon was carried to the City hospital at Gastonia Tuesday in a very serious condition. He had an operation immediately for appendicitis and has been real sick since, but it is thought that the crisis has been reached, and that he will recover. He is filling section man, coming here recently from the Dilling Mill. There has been a number of folks visited him from here every day. We sincerely hope he will be spared to come back to his wife and children.

Cora Mill.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Barnett on Monday night, November 14, a daughter.

The play given by the W. M. S. at the Second Baptist church Saturday night was a success and enjoyed by a large audience.

Mr. H. B. King or "grandpa" as he was always called, passed away last Friday morning at the home of his grandson, Mr. Eulas King, where he had gone to take dinner nearly two weeks before. He was taken suddenly ill and was never able to be moved, although it was only a short distance.

Another one of Kings Mountains real Christians is gone. He was 72 years old, had been a member of the Baptist church a number of years, and always took a very active part in all services of the church. He was a Sunday school teacher at the time of his death. To know him was to love him. Some one said recently that he was one of the few shouting Baptists left, but he is transferred, and is shouting on "the other side."

He is survived by his wife and eight children, a large number of grand-children and great grand-children, besides several brothers and sisters. Funeral services were held at the Second Baptist church of which he was a member, Saturday at two o'clock, by his pastor, Rev. W. N. Cook, assisted by Rev. A. H. Sims, who had baptized him into the church years ago. His six sons were pall-bears and he was laid to rest in Mountain Rest Cemetery. The Second Baptist church has lost one of its most faithful and loyal members and his place in the church and home can never be filled.

Miss Thelma Howard is real sick at the home of her sister, Mrs. Floyd Hullender. Hope she will soon be better.

Old Mill.

The revival closed at the Wesleyan Methodist church Sunday night with a number of conversions and the church revival in general. Rev. E. L. Henderson did the preaching.

Mr. Ector Short who is in school at Misenheimer, spent the week-end with his brother, Mr. Bennie Short.

Miss Marie Downer, Bible teacher at Central, S. C., and Miss Roberta Wylie, a student at Central, training for a missionary, spent the week-end here with Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Connor.

Mrs. H. S. Huffstetter and son, Daniel have been right sick but are some better now. Mrs. M. L. C.

BESSEMER CITY, N. C.

Thanksgiving Banquet At The American Cotton Mills.

It is no wonder that the American Cotton Mill village No. 1 is one of the rising cotton mill villages of the South. No wonder the owners are making money, with the magnificent management of the present superintendent and the overseers of the various departments. The spirit of cooperation and goodwill that predominates the work was beautifully brought out at the elaborate banquet that was given on Thanksgiving night, when, at seventy-three, thirty-five guests responded to the gracious invitation extended by Mr. W. M. Southern, superintendent of American Mill No. 1, and his assistants, Messrs. J. F. Ervin, J. B. Walker, J. B. Connor, James Owensby, J. J. McManus, Marvin Bullard; the guests included the overseers of the various departments. Mrs. M. P. Shelley was present as a special guest.

The party represented the real back bone of the work,—the ones that see to it that the yarn is spun, the cloth woven and that only standard yarn and cloth is sent away, and that all the electrical ap-

pliances are working to perfection. None of the owners or of the office force were present, but if they could have been able to peer into the hearts and looked into the faces of this fine looking set of men, showing that in their souls they realize the responsibility that rests on them, surely they would have breathed a prayer of gratitude to the Great God, that he had permitted them to establish here in Bessemer City, this great industrial work and that they had a body of dependable men to carry out their plans.

The elaborate menu was served on long tables in the dining room of the hotel at the American Mill No. 1, and prepared by Mrs. Wood, the proprietress. The tables fairly groaned under their great load of roast pork and beef, baked chicken dressing, stewed chicken, celery, lettuce, pickles, a variety of pies and custards, banana pudding, potato salad, banana, chocolate, cocoanut and orange cake, dessert, milk, coffee, hot biscuit that were prepared to perfection and served by several young ladies assisting Mrs. Wood. The blessing prior to the slaying of only a part of the good things prepared, was offered by Mr. Page of Kings Mountain. At the close of the meal, trays of cigars and cigarettes were passed and every one pressed to help themselves.

Mr. B. E. Callis, overseer of the cloth room, noted as toastmaster, and "honor to whom is due." Who knew that Mr. Callis, always so quiet and unassuming, could make such a speech as he did at this time? It is not necessary to go out of town to get a flowery silver-tongued orator, after this, to introduce some great speaker, for we have one right at home. Mr. Callis is not a native of this State, but after being here six years has become climalized, has caught the spirit of progress, and is now glad to be called a son of North Carolina.

Mr. Southern, the superintendent, was introduced and made a wonderful speech, fired with enthusiasm and zeal for the betterment of the work and his fellow men. He urged his men to strive on to greater things, and to work with him to make the American Mill the best in the State, declaring that the spirit of cooperation is what brings results. He said that just such men as were gathered here, were the foundation of America. He referred to Mr. John Carpenter, as Mr. Callis did, as the next congressman from this district. Here he was encoered. He told the section men to strive on to higher aspirations and to reach the top in mill work. He thanked Mrs. Wood for her gracious hospitality and thanked each man present for the splendid work he had done in the past.

Mr. G. G. Page, editor of the Kings

Mountain Herald was next introduced and at once captivated his listeners as he started out with several good jokes. He said it was a fine thing for good fellows to get together especially at this season. That thank and think derived from the same root of speech and if one only takes the time to think they will be thankful. We have the greatest school system, the finest government; but he warned the people to use these advantages for the Glory of the Great God, and be careful for whom you vote for the next president. He spoke of the importance of Christian citizenship, human activity and systematic development. Be honest, give a good days work, give just service, put a good example before the people under you.

Solicitor of Mecklenburg and Gaston county courts was introduced, as Mr. John G. Carpenter, our next Congressman from this the ninth district; he made the main address of the evening. In replying, Mr. Carpenter did not allude to the title as next Congressman, in fact he did not mention politics, but the words literally spilled from his lips, as he related joke after joke that kept the banquet hall in an uproar of laughter from the time he started, yet he brought such a soul stirring message that the folks reluctantly left their seats when he closed, feeling as if they could listen on forever.

He spoke of the fine feed that had been placed before us, that it reminded him of his own sainted mother's cooking.

This great county of ours with its more than a hundred cotton mills produces enough yarn in a year if stretched out to go to the moon wrap the yarn around the moon thirteen times, back to earth, go to sun warp it around that great body seven times, back to earth, go to South Africa make very man, woman and child a stocking, go to the other foreign countries do the same and back to Gaston, lay a stretch of seven roads from San Francisco to New York, etc.

This is a beautiful world. God loves a smile. He has no time for long-faced Christians. Do not forget God. Countries are destroyed when they forget God. He made a plea for the boys today. Be kind to them. Help them over their difficulties. Set an example before them that they can follow. Help to build a human character that will not wreck the lads today, or the men of tomorrow. Mr. Carpenter was encoered from time to time as he drove home some truth.

At the suggestion of Mr. Callis, the sponsors of this delightful and charming affair were heartily applauded.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"All these things have I done from my youth up," replied John, seriously. "I have always tried to live right, and I have never before been so proud of my clean record," and his brown eyes looked straight into the overseer's with a frank manliness that was very impressive, and gained for him a loyal friend, who took care to see that he secured a pleasant boarding place.

With the customs of mill life, beautiful in its simplicity and freedom from senseless "properties" and "society customs," it was altogether permissible for youth to meet and greet youth frankly, and to make their own introductions as circumstances allowed; and the pure in heart looked on and smiled in sympathetic understanding, while only those "wise in their own conceit" had ugly thoughts and "looked for the worm in the heart of the rose."

It was the following Sunday afternoon that John was invited to go with a crowd of young people to the station to "see the train come in," something that has always attracted young people, and always will. To John's delight he found that Leamon Bridges would be in the party, and soon after, to his disgust, he learned that (as we haven't the young man's permission to use his name, we will call him by another), Charlie Simpson, would be her escort.

There were plenty of other girls who were interested in John, but with the quick keen eyes of youth, they soon discovered his state of mind and offered to help him "cook Charlie Simpson's goose," in other words, they were ready to help John "pull one over" Charlie, who seemed so cock sure, that they would delight in seeing him "taken down a button hole or two," as they expressed it, and began to expect some fun, for they saw determination written all over John's countenance.

Finally as the party loitered on the way home, and were near old LaGrange Cotton Mill, pausing to look at some flowers, John mustered up courage to call as if he had long-known the girl:

"Oh. I say, Miss Leamon, some day when you have a moment to spare, I have something to tell you!"

"Tell me now, John!" came the challenge. "Charlie will excuse me a moment." And ye gods and little fishes! John saw her skipping toward him as nimbly as a fawn. He stood stock still, hardly believing his good fortune, and presently she stood by him; blue eyes were raised to brown ones, and for a delicious moment, soul spoke to soul in silence more eloquent than words, forgetful of time, place or associations.

"What have you to tell me?" she said in a low, soft voice, knowing in her heart that this was only a ruse of Cupid, though she would not have defined it so perhaps.

"I can't tell you now—it will take a long time!" he an-

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy
Hearts of Gold
Will Allen—Sinner
The Better Way
A Man Without a Friend
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By Gee McGee.

ALMANAC STUFF

Do you feel bloated after eating, and have shooting pains in the stummick, and become dizzy after gazing over a precipice? If so, you should take Dr. Killem's New Discovery for Pink People. For sale by all un-reliable druggists and book stores.

Do you have bad dreams after eating pork chops, and feel all run down when you have played bridge only 5 or 6 hours with unstinted continuity? Do you gulp your food, and drink coffee? This condition forebodes epileptic fits, and possibly fallen arches. Dr. Chokem's Vegetable Compound for Wild Women will put you straight. Sold by all reliable foot peddlers and bill collectors. Terms 10 cents down, balance at the cemetery.

How's your liver? You belch, don't you, after chewing Brown's Mule, and eating pigs knuckles, and drinking home-brew? Don't you stare at flappers, talk in your sleep, dodge your landlord, and eat between meals? It will take only 2 bottles of Dr. Bull Shooter's Scat-eat to put you on your feet again. For sale everywhere it can be found. Price only \$1.20 for a 15 cents bottle, war and luxury taxes included.

Do you feel like you are choking to death after your meals? Are your digestive organs functioning? Do you see spots in front of your eyes? Do you see stars when you bump your head? Do you roll and tumble at night after dissipating because gas has accumulated within your abdomen? Do you want to get well? Then use 2 bottles of Dr. Swindler's Digesto according to directions, and good health is yours. Mrs. Spookdoodle couldn't eat but 8 biscuits before she too "Digsto," but now she eats all she wants. It helped her husband also. It is good for both man and beast, and even a legislator runs no risk when he uses in instead of wood alcohol. Send 2 dollars for a trial bottle.

Does your wife disagree with you? Do the girls shun you? Did you know that Hallie Tosis leads one to the grave? Does your head swim and your nose run and your heart flutter and your kidneys wiggle when you lean forward or backward or sideways? These are sure symptoms of galloping consumption, or acute Anti-geodometric incipenci-etis of the cere-menosity of the inter-serception of the perenial gland which supplies gastric juices to the lower intestines. Nothing within reach of mankind today will cure this malady except Dr. Hillem Hard's Thornberry Juice with Sallie-Paticia base. For sale at all bottleggers.

COLUMBUS, GA.

Bibb City School Has Frigidaire and 3-Cent Lunch.

How a discussion about furnishing sweet milk for one child led to the installation of a modern Frigidaire in the kitchen at the Bibb City school was described this week by Mrs. Pearl Taylor, social service superintendent.

swered mysteriously. "When can I see you?" with an air of grave importance. "Have you a date for tonight?"

"Yes! But—but come back to the mill soon as you finish dinner tomorrow; we'll have a few moments then," timidly.

"Good!" exclaimed John triumphantly. "And er—But no,—I won't say another word now—only that I appreciate the honor you do me. I know—Oh, thank you, little girl, I'll be right on the spot waiting for you tomorrow at noon, and I won't sleep a wink tonight for thinking about it!"

"Sh! be careful, Charlie is awfully jealous!" she teased, in a low voice.

"So am I," smiled John raising his cap with a knightly bow as she turned to leave him, and skipped back to her escort who looked like a condensed thunder cloud.

"Charlie," she smiled roughly, looking up into the cloudless sky. "Do you think there's a storm brewing? The atmosphere seems charged—or—something!"

Charlie Simpson folded his arms across his breast, stood tall and erect before her, his eyes narrowing to mere slits as he replied:

"I think there is a storm brewing, and you want to be very careful or someone may get hurt!" significantly.

"Really?" saucily. "In that case you'll excuse me if I fly to my stormpit." And she grabbed the hand of a girl friend and ran ahead of the party, calling back. "We're going to beat you all home!"

"Now, you've made Charlie angry!" chided Ella Dean. "What did you do that for?"

"Crazy jealous thing! Let him get mad if he wants to I don't belong to him yet, and I'll speak to who I please!" declared Leamon, with a toss of her fair head.

CHAPTER XXXIII

But girl-like, Leamon smiled on both young men,—making each jealous of the other, yet managing to prevent open friction. She made them understand that she admired "fair play," and both made earnest effort to be as manly as her ideals demanded.

With John, this was natural, since he had high ideals of his own, and tried for the sake of right, to live up to them. Charlie, having no greater incentive than a wish to win Leamon's favor, was not so sincere, nor so successful in maintaining the standard of excellence which she demanded, and the girl soon decided in her own heart that John was her man.

But she and Charlie had been friends a long time; she knew she had a good influence over him, and, knowing his need of her, hesitated to break with him.

She was in about the same predicament in which John found himself, with Jessie Brent, to whom he sent an occasional card and friendly greeting, relieved, yet a bit wounded too, because she replied in the same vein, seemingly forgetful of the past. No difference how fickle a man may be, it always tickles his vanity to think that somewhere in the world there is a woman who cares only

for him, though all in vain, and who for his sake, prefers being an old maid! But Jessie Brent was not that kind, as John found.

The superintendent and other officials of Dunson Mill, were not so busy chasing the "almighty dollar," that they failed to have an interest in the social life and welfare of the village, and smiled indulgently and sympathetically, over the love-making of John Elgricel and Charlie Simpson, often bringing a blush to the cheeks of the fair Leamon, by teasing remarks as to which suitor was preferable.

John had ceased to try to find his brothers, who he thought had gone from Brewton. He didn't think much about what had been done with the farm, and cared less. He didn't intend to farm anyway. He liked mill work, and he preferred to make his own way. Alfred and Albert were welcome to the estate. Nothing in the world mattered now, but to win Leamon Bridges, and to get possession of one of the cozy little white cottages in Dunson mill village.

He loved his work in the cloth room, studying every spare moment to fit himself for the position of second hand first; then with the first of ambition kindled in the heart of youth,—he longed to be worthy of a higher position, and studied still harder.

Finally, after being a little more than a year at Dunson, he decided to risk all and win or lose, and very seriously told Miss Leamon she must make her choice for all time; it must be either John or Charlie, but not both any longer!

"I love you, Leamon,—you know I do—and I want you to marry me. I know you could make one of those little cottages into a real home, and I have thought and dreamed till I can stand it no longer. Will my dreams come true?—or shall I go back to Alabama? Let your heart speak; don't think you can keep me in this suspense any longer—for you can't. The time has come when you must decide. I must be all, or nothing. If you decide for me, Charlie must let you alone. If you decide for him,—I'm gone!"

"I—I'll tell you tomorrow," stammered Leamon. They were standing that summer evening on the "over-head" bridge, and the girl leanded against the railing and looked down on the railroad track, trying to hide the smile in her eyes.

"You'll tell me now," declared John masterfully "Look at me Leamon! Do try to be serious for a moment. This is no surprise to you,—you've known all along how it has been with me. I loved you on first sight. I've stayed here,—forgetting and neglecting all kindred for your sake;—now you must say yes or no!" And there was a determined note in John's voice that made the fair Leamon smile even more triumphantly,—though she could hardly make up her mind to a complete surrender.

"I wonder—I wish I knew just what you are expecting of a wife,—provided you ever get one!" she said, a little puzzled frown on her brow. Did you ever read 'A Woman's Question,' written by Elizabeth Browning?"

The question of getting milk for a child was taken up with Agent Frank H. Naylor during the past week. Mr. Naylor was impressed with the necessity of having milk at the school and he immediately went into details to see what steps could be taken to provide milk for all children desiring it, at actual cost.

He figured and figured and finally suggested and recommend that a Frigidaire be installed, to be paid for out of the community fund. As a result of this, school children will be able to buy for 3 cents a glass of sweet milk and a sandwich.

The milk and sandwiches will be served at the 10:10 recess on school days. Boys will make sandwiches while the girls are taking cooking lessons and with their help it is expected to have a generous supply ready by lunch time every day.—Bibb Recorder.

A UNITED BROTHERHOOD

This little story that fellows is neither fable, fiction nor parable. Because it is fact culled from the day's reading, it is worth telling.

O'Brien, the head of a family of six waived exemption in 1917 because he believed others knew better than he where he would be most needed when the call came. He landed in class A-1, and went—without beefing or asking why. He was wounded three times and gassed and after nine months in the hospital was discharged, the doctors advising outdoor work to stave off incipient tuberculosis. (This story is old but has its application today.)

In a canvass for new members, an American Legion worker called at his home. Neighbors who were caring for five children said the mother was doing day-work and that O'Brien was starting his third week in search of any kind of a job he could hold down.

Stein, the American Legion Post employment officer corralled him and for five solid days, forgetting his own business and the drive for recruits, trudged with him the streets of the city of his abode. Everywhere it was the same answer, "Too light for the job," softened perhaps with a smile or perhaps an, "I wish—we could, my boy."

Strangely, he was not too light for the job "over there;" he'd helped finish, although when he came to the post no tinge of bitterness or rancor stamped his speech or manner. There remained only that last ditch "Let's go" spirit, that for nearly a month had driven one hundred and thirty pounds from door to door in search of work. They sent him to Mason, a member of the Legion and Captain of the Guards of one of the cities oldest industries, and Mason put him on the payroll—without asking why.

That is all, except that Stein who neglected his business, was a Jew, Mason was a Protestant, and the man they "saw through" was a Catholic.—The Shuttle.

MONROE, N. C.

Leemore Mill Community News. 'B. Y. P. U. Social.

Miss Isabelle Walkins entertained members of the B. Y. P. U. Friday night of last week at a very enjoyable party.

Our mill gave a whole week for Thanksgiving, and everybody enjoyed the vacation.

Mrs. J. A. McCraney, David, Thomas, Lillian, Muriel, Annilee, and Dorothy McCraney, spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. C. J. Lewis, of Waxhaw.

Mrs. Ella Cox and daughters, Emma, Rachel and Dorothy, spent Thanksgiving holidays in Unionville, with the former's brother and sister Mr. "Bud" and Miss Kate Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Parley M. Cooke, spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Cook, of New Hope, where a large crowd had gathered for an old-time "corn-shucking" frolic, and a big dinner. There were about forty in the party, Rev. Mr. Philips being one. He sat on top of a pile of shucks, "dressed up" in his "preaching" suit. When a lady remarked to him that she didn't know people dressed up to go to a corn-shucking, he replied:

"Well that's one time you learned something."

A Big Fire.

The Blue Ribbon Barber shop and Monroe Enquirer office, were completely destroyed by fire a few days ago. The building was said to be worth \$12,000.

TEACHERS SALARY \$13 PER MONTH IN 1848. DAY WAS TILL NEAR SUNSET

The Gastonia Daily Gazette, of Saturday, November 19th, published an interesting old document turned in by Congressman A. L. Bulwinkle, who procured it from Mr. James R. Carson, of the Pisgah section. Note the original manner of spelling and punctuation.

Copy of Agreement.

November 6th, 1848.

Articles of agreement in 22nd School district between Charles L. Tomison as teacher & Enoch McNair Francis Battie & Alexander Weer Committee in said School District.

Ar. 1. The said Charles L. Tomison doath bind himself to teach by the month at thirteen dollars per month. the afore said Thomison doath bind himself to teach all branches required by the schooll acts to be taught in common schools.

Ar. 2. The said Enoch McNair Francis Battie & Alexander Weer doath bind themselves to pay to the said Charles L. Thomison the sum of thirteen dollars per month by giving him an order on the cheareman of common schools.

Ar. 3. The teacher has the privelege of cloasing the school at the end of any one month or the committee may cloase at the end of any month as they see proper.

Ar. 4. School to commence in the morning at the sun one hour & a half high one hour at intermission and cloase one hour by sun set.

Ar. 5. All schollars coming to this school over fifteen years oald who transgress the rules of said school shall be expeted by teacher & committee.

Ar. 6. None of the large schollars shall exclude the smaller schollars from the benefit of the fire, righting benches or any other privelege belonging to them in said school.

Ar. 7. Their shall be no swareing rastling nor tale bareing durezza school.

Ar. 8. Their is to be no immoral conduct neither by teacher nor committee in the presence of the schollars durezza the above mentioned school.

"No; I'd rather read her answer," replied John, doggedly. Leamon smiled:

"I believe I can recite the poem—or at least a part of it; then, if you can answer it, I shall consider you seriously," turning to face him, as she began the recital; and John bared his head and listened to her in amazement, his heart pounding against his side like a trip hammer:

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—

A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy.

"You have planned my lessons of duty out,—

Man-like, you have questioned me;

Now, stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;

I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
As pure as heaven, your soul.

"You require a cook for your mutton and beef,

I require a far better thing;

A seamstress your're wanting to make your shirts,
I look for a man and king.

A king for a beautiful realm called Home,

And a man, that the maker, God,

Shall look upon as He did the first

And say, 'It is very good.'

"I am fair and young, but the roses will fade,

From my soft young cheek some day;

Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves

As you did mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep

I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell

On the day she becomes a bride.

"I require all things that are grand and true,

All things that a man should be;

If you would be this, I would stake my life

To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook

You can hire with little pay,

But a woman's heart and a woman's life

Can never be won that way."

Leamon made a little bow, to her dumb-founded "audience," and skipped to the end of the bridge humming a little tune, half frightened at what she saw in John's eyes, and thrilling to the tips of her slender fingers as he followed her.

(Continued Next Week.)